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# CHAPBOOK

(A MONTHLY MISCELLANY)

NEW AMERICAN  
POEMS



ONE SHILLING NET

THE CHAPBOOK (A Monthly Miscellany) was born in July, 1919. It is published on the first of each month. The following is a list of the numbers that have already appeared :

1919.

- (1) JULY.—*Twenty-three New Poems by Contemporary Poets.*
- (2) AUGUST.—*Decoration in the Theatre.* By Albert Rutherston. With four plates by the author.
- (3) SEPTEMBER.—*Poems Newly Decorated : An Anthology of miscellaneous poems of the past, with drawings by artists of the present.*
- (4) OCTOBER.—*Some French Poets of To-Day.* A commentary with specimens, by F. S. Flint.
- (5) NOVEMBER.—*Rhymes for Children*, with 70 appropriate woodcuts.
- (6) DECEMBER.—*Four Songs : Nod.* Words by Walter de la Mare, Music by C. Armstrong Gibbs. *At the Turn of the Burn.* Words by George Townsend Warner, Music by Malcolm Davidson. *Melmillo.* Words by Walter de la Mare, Music by Clive Carey. *Arabia.* Words by Walter de la Mare, Music by W. Denis Browne.

1920.

- (7) JANUARY.—*A Collection of New Poems by Contemporary Poets.*
- (8) FEBRUARY.—*Modern Prose Literature : A Critical Survey.* (Under the Editorship of Alec Waugh.)
- (9) MARCH.—*Three Critical Essays on Modern English Poetry.* By T. S. Eliot, Aldous Huxley and F. S. Flint.
- (10) APRIL.—*A Third Collection of New Poems by Contemporary Poets.*
- (11) MAY.—*Some Contemporary American Poets.* By John Gould Fletcher.
- (12) JUNE.—*A Bibliography of Modern Poetry, with Notes on some Contemporary Poets.* Compiled by Recorder.
- (13) JULY.—*Thirteen New Poems by Contemporary Poets.* (Also *Pins for Wings*, by Emanuel Morgan.)
- (14) AUGUST.—*Aria da Capo : A Play in One Act* by Edna St. Vincent Millay.
- (15) SEPTEMBER.—*Old Broadside Ballads.* Collected and Edited, with Reproductions in facsimile, Cover Design, and Introduction by C. Lovat Fraser.
- (16) OCTOBER.—*Sixteen New Poems by Contemporary Poets.*
- (17) NOVEMBER.—*The Younger French Poets.* By F. S. Flint.
- (18) DECEMBER.—*Three Songs : A Christmas Carol.* Words by John Masefield, Music by Malcolm Davidson. *Full Moon.* Words by Walter de la Mare, Music by Scott Goddard. *Desire in Spring.* Words by Francis Ledwidge, Music by Ivor Gurney.



# THE CHAPBOOK

## (A MONTHLY MISCELLANY)

EDITED BY HAROLD MONRO

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*The Cover Designs are by E. McKnight Kauffer.  
The Poems have been collected by Alfred Kreymborg.*

## How it Happened

WHILE I was in London last autumn, Mr. Harold Monro genially and innocently proposed that I book passage on the first steamer back to New York and gather together and ship to him, F.O.B. Theobalds Road, a limited group of unpublished poems by Americans of the present generation. Having experienced the monotonous tribulations of that confirmed *bête noire*, the anthologist, I laid myself on the s.s. "Adriatic" in a dubious frame. In America, anthologists are more numerous than bandits, and more unpopular. Instead of the rejection slip of the whilom past, each day's mail brings to each poet a courteous note from still another anthologist humbly asking his august permission for the privilege of reprinting such and such a poem, previously reprinted by three score and ten anthologists. Mr. Monro had given me a novel lariat indeed: the poems were to be new, to be paid for, and to appear on the other side of the Atlantic. Nevertheless, I employed all the additional strings at my command in luring or waylaying or cajoling or imploring two dozen poets, out of the hordes of my countrymen who have taken to writing, to fall for this scheme—of which the present number is the issue. While one regrets the absence of several poets whose names are now by-laws (and who assured me, faithfully yours, that they'd be glad to belong had they anything to send), one is consoled by the opportunity the absentees afford to a few lesser-knowns or unknowns who, it seems, are helping the pioneers keep the grass green. A distinctive feature of the now ten-year-old American renaissance is the persistent appearance of new names. When I landed on Manhattan, I was even more eager about these than about those who have already done more than their bit towards shaping an artistic rather than a politico-geographico E Pluribus Unum. Although this limited collection is by no means inclusive of the full trend towards achievement on the part of a polyglot, polyform and at last self-conscious nation, it may encourage certain readers, who are not confirmed islanders, to carry the inquiry farther.

ALFRED KREYMBORG.

(Robert  
Frost)

## Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

WHOSE woods these are I think I know.  
His house is in the village though ;  
He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

The little horse must think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake.  
The only other sound's the sweep  
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely dark and deep.  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.



(Witter  
Bynner)

## A New Mexican Portrait of Mabel Sterne

ITALIAN turnings, at the head and foot  
Of a delicately fretted pallid lounge,  
Still framing firmly in a slender frame  
More colour than a little frame should bear ;

Pillows of purple and of faded wine,  
Still holding roundly at the head and foot  
The loom of other places, other days,  
Against a waterfall from Mexico :

A waterfall of rainbows joining earth  
In two serapes—one above of rain,  
And one below a blanket animate  
With all the little arrow-shoots of earth,  
Red earth and black and yellow earth and red  
Pricked at the roots with undershoots again ;

And then a shawl of more than Lupin blue,  
With violating flowers that leap in loops,  
Over a faint sobriety of gown  
Edged with the arms and hands of Mabel Sterne :

True to themselves, in spite of silver bands  
Which had been drummed from earth by Navahos ;  
Simple and calm, in spite of turquoise rings  
And turquoise bracelets like a rich tattoo ;

And then, above it all, that head of hers,  
Those eagle eyebrows under peaceful sky :  
That contemplative look, proportioning  
Italian lounges to the universe. . . .

(William Carlos  
Williams)

## Cornucopia

THE Easter stars are shining  
above lights that are flashing—  
coronal of the black—

Nobody  
to say it—  
Nobody to say : pinholes

Thither I would carry her  
among the lights—

Burst it asunder  
break through to the fifty words  
necessary—

a crown for her head with  
castles upon it, skyscrapers  
filled with nut-chocolates

dovetame winds—  
stars of tinsel

from the great end of a cornucopia  
of glass.

## Old Women

OLD women sit, stiffly, mosaics of pain,  
Framed in drab doorways looking on the dark.  
Rarely they rouse to gossip or complain  
As dozing bitches break their dream to bark.  
And then once more they fold their creaking bones  
In silence, pulled about them like a shawl.  
Their memories : a heap of tumbling stones,  
Once builded stronger than a city wall.  
Sometimes they mend the gaps with twitching hand,—  
Because they see a woman big with child,  
Because a wet wind smells of grave-pocked land,  
Because a train wailed, because troops defiled.  
Sometimes old women limp through altered streets  
Whose hostile houses beat them down to earth,  
Now in their beds they fumble at the sheets  
That once were spread for bridal, once for birth,  
And now are laid for women who are cold  
With difficult plodding and with sitting still.  
Old women, pitying all that age can kill,  
Lie quiet, wondering that they are old.



but observe ; although  
once is never the beginning of  
enough, is it (i do not pretend  
to know the reason any more than.) But look : up—

raising, hoisting, a little  
perhaps that and this, deftly  
propping on smallest hands  
the slim hinging you  
—because  
it's five o'clock

and these (i notice) trees winterbrief surly old  
gurgle a nonsense of sparrows, the cathedral  
shudders blackening ;  
the sky is washed with tone

now for a moon  
to squat in first darkness  
—a little moon thinner than

memory

faint  
-er

than all the whys  
which lurk  
between your naked shoulderblades.—Here

comes a stout fellow in a blouse  
just outside this window, touching the glass

boxes one by one with his magic  
stick (in which a willing  
bulb of flame bubbles)

see

here and here they explode  
silently into crocuses of brightness. (That is enough  
of life, for you. I understand. Once  
again. . . .) sliding

a little downward, embrace me with your body's suddenly  
curving entire warm questions

## II

nobody loses all the time

i had an uncle named  
Sol who was a born failure and  
nearly everybody said he should have gone  
into vaudeville perhaps because my Uncle Sol could  
sing McCann He Was A Diver on Xmas Eve like Hell Itself which  
may or may not account for the fact that my Uncle

Sol indulged in that possibly most inexcusable  
of all to use a highfalootin phrase  
luxuries that is or to  
wit farming and be  
it needlessly  
added

my Uncle Sol's farm  
failed because the chickens  
ate the vegetables so  
my Uncle Sol had a  
chicken farm till the  
skunks ate the chickens when

my Uncle Sol  
had a skunk farm but  
the skunks caught cold and  
died and so  
my Uncle Sol imitated the  
skunks in a subtle manner

or by drowning himself in the watertank  
but somebody who'd given my Uncle Sol a Victor  
Victrola and records while he lived presented to  
him upon the auspicious occasion of his decease a  
scrumptious not to mention splendiferous funeral with  
tall boys in black gloves and flowers and everything and

i remember we all cried like the Missouri  
when my Uncle Sol's coffin lurched because  
somebody pressed a button  
(and down went  
my Uncle  
Sol

and started a worm farm)



(John Gould  
Fletcher)

## Some Day

SOME day at evening I shall go out all alone,  
When the twilight settles closely to the bowed and solemn  
trees,  
I shall go out hating all things, but most of all hating myself ;  
I shall take away with me a tragic burden of memory,  
Like a bird crying late in the greening and sorrowful branches  
That bend down over the earth where are buried my hopes ;  
Long branches dank, pressed down by the weight of a sky  
That never knows rest, that never lets sunlight escape.

When that evening brings me its summons I shall not think of  
sorrow or joy,  
For sorrow and joy will be one to me then, nought but two ways of  
despair  
Stretching out from that summit where 'mid the grey rocks the huge  
pines  
Battle with the winds that assail them, hailing the death of the year.  
Down through the valley and on to the plain where in snow  
Achievements are wrested forever from death that would take them,  
my spirit shall pass,  
Whether happy or bitter, no matter, my spirit shall go :—  
Some day at evening I shall go out all alone.

Now that evening beckons me closely ; done is the task of my song :  
Rain on the morrow or sun on the morrow, no matter, for either is  
pain ;  
No rising up afresh from the graves where I laid them for ghosts of  
old hope,  
No summoning forth from the past of a weary memory ;  
Nothing but trouble and tears, defeat and regret to the last,  
Stretching their black wings over the earth and summoning back  
life to their breast,  
Shut me in utterly, darkness, ashes of burnt-out desire !  
Some day at evening I shall go out all alone.

(Jean Starr  
Untermeyer)

## Autumn Gift

NOW the beautiful business of summer is over—  
Earth wraps herself in a bright, leaf-patterned shawl.  
The hives cement the prodigal juice of the clover  
And spendthrift gold is hoarded in bin and stall.  
Beyond the wind-crisped hedge, the corn-stalks hover ;  
The pumpkin lies by the wall.

October's the heir of the year, and you, my lover,  
October's darling—first to come at her call—  
May claim and hold what your wandering eyes discover  
On jewelled hills that tempt a reluctant fall.  
Blest by the fired earth, while skies above her  
Spill golden peace over all.

## Concert Pitch

TAKE then the music, plunge in the thickest of it,  
Thickest, darkest, richest : call it a forest,  
A million boles of trees, with leaves, leaves,  
Golden and green, flashing like scales in the sun,  
Tossed and torn in the tempest, whirling and streaming,  
With the terrible sound, beneath, of boughs that crack. . . .  
Again, a hush comes ; and the wind's a whisper.  
One leaf goes pirouetting. You stand in the dusk,  
In the misty shaft of light the sun flings faintly  
Through planes of green ; and suddenly, out of the darkest  
And deepest and farthest of the forest, wavers  
That golden horn, *cor anglais*, husky-timbred,  
Sending through all that gloom of trees and silence  
Its faint half-mute nostalgia. . . . How the soul  
Flies from the dungeon of you to the very portals  
To meet that sound ! There, there is the secret,  
Singing out of the darkness,—shining, too,  
For all we know, if we could only see !  
But if we steal by footpaths, warily,—  
Snap not a twig, nor crush a single leaf ;  
Or if, in a kind of panic, like wild beasts,  
We rend our headlong way through vines and briars—  
Crash through a coppice, tear our flesh, come bleeding  
To a still pool, encircled, brooded over  
By ancient trees—all's one ! We reach but silence,  
We find no horn, no hornsman. . . . There the beeches  
Out of the lower dark of ferns and mosses  
Lift, far above, their tremulous tops to the light.  
Only an echo have we of that horn,  
*Cor anglais*, golden, husky-timbred, crying  
Half-mute nostalgia from the dusk of things. . . .  
Then, as we stand bewildered in that wood,



With leaves above us in sibilant confusion,  
And the ancient ghosts of leaves about our feet—  
Listen !—the horn once more, but farther now,  
Sings in the evening for a wing-beat space ;  
Makes the leaves murmur, as it makes the blood  
Burn in the heart and all its radiant veins ;  
And we turn inward, to seek it once again.

Or, it's a morning in the blue portal of summer.  
White shoals of little clouds, like heavenly fish,  
Swim softly off the sun, who rains his light  
On the vast hurrying earth. The giant poplar  
Sings in the light with a thousand sensitive leaves,  
Root-tip to leaf-tip, he is all delight :  
And, as the golden core of all that joy,  
One sinister grackle, with a thievish eye,  
Scrapes a harsh cynic comment. How he laughs,  
Flaunting amid that green his coffin-colour !  
We, in the garden, a million miles below him,  
At paltry tasks of pruning, spading, watching  
Black-striped bees crawl into foxglove bells  
Half-filled with dew—look ! We are lightly startled  
By sense or sound : are moved : lose touch with earth :  
And, in the twinkling of the grackle's eye,  
Swing in the infinite on a spider's cable.

What is our world ? It is a poplar tree  
Immense and solitary, with leaves a thousand  
Or million, countless, flashing in a light  
For them alone intended. He is great,  
His trunk is solid, and his roots deceive us.  
We shade our eyes with hands, and upward look  
To see if all those leaves indeed be leaves,  
So rich they are in a choiring down of joy,

Or stars. And as we stand so, small and dumb,  
We hear again that harsh derisive comment,  
The grackle's laughter ; and again we see  
His thievish eye, aware amid green boughs. . . .  
Touch earth again, take up your shovel, dig  
In the wormy ground ! That tree magnificent  
Sways like a giant dancer, in a garment  
Whose gold and green are nought but tricks of light.  
And at the heart of all that drunken beauty.  
Is a small lively cynic bird who laughs.

Who sees the vision coming ? Who can tell  
What moment out of time will be the seed  
To root itself, as swift as lightning roots  
Into a cloud, and grow, swifter than thought,  
And flower gigantic in the infinite ? . . .  
Walk softly through your forest, and be ready  
To hear the horn of horns. Or in your garden  
Stoop, but upon your back be ever conscious  
Of sunlight, and a shadow that may grow.

(Wallace Stevens)    Mandolin and Liqueurs

L A-LA ! The cat is in the violets  
And the awnings are let down.  
The cat should not be where she is  
And the awnings are too brown,  
Emphatically so.

If awnings were celeste and gay,  
Iris and orange, crimson and green,  
Blue and vermilion, purple and white,  
And not this tinsmith's galaxy,  
Things would be different.

The sun is gold, the moon is silver.  
There must be a planet that is copper  
And in whose light the roses  
Would have a most singular appearance,  
Or nearly so.

I love to sit and read the *Telegraph*,  
That vast confect of telegrams,  
And to find how much that really matters  
Does not really matter  
At all.

(Edna  
Millay)    Never may the Fruit be Plucked

NEVER, never may the fruit be plucked from the bough  
And gathered into barrels.  
He that would eat of love must eat it where it hangs.  
Though the branches bend like reeds,  
Though the ripe fruit splash in the grass or wrinkle on the tree,  
He that would eat of love may bear away with him  
Only what his belly can hold,  
Nothing in the apron,  
Nothing in the pockets.  
Never, never may the fruit be gathered from the bough  
And harvested in barrels.  
The winter of love is a cellar of empty bins,  
In an orchard soft with rot.



(Orrick Johns)

## The Troglodyte

A TROGLODYTE goes through the streets,  
Pushing a great tray-cart  
Of mattresses and grimy sheets  
And things that fall apart.

He eyes with greed a cast-off dress,  
A scarf that scrapes the wheel ;  
A troglodyte goes through the press  
Squatty and shrewd and real.

His coat is dusty as a scrub  
Of oak beside a road ;  
But he is watchful of the hub  
That slips beneath the load.

And on the other side of town  
His woman-troglodyte  
Pushes a tray-cart like his own,  
And meets him home at night.

Gray-worn, he knows his way about ;  
Grotesque, he yet is wise ;  
Over his cart his face looks out  
With sharp and scorning eyes.

He rears her back when down the grade,  
And shoulders her when up—  
The night's to come he has not paid  
For piper, couch and cup.

(*Alfred Kreymborg*)

## Coins of Mist

WHO'S the little old man selling matches ?  
And the sounds on the boxes—who scratches ?

And the peering pale woman—her flowers ?—  
Does she tint them and scent them for lovers ?

Do the scarecrows go lighting the lamps to  
Cause shadows to shudder as tramps do ?

That slow girl—her dress like a posie ?—  
If there's any to pick it now—who's he ?

Those coins made of bubbles of mist—oh,  
Whose were they, and the troubles that kissed so ?

Where's London Bridge falling again to ?—  
Have the tears of the Thames dug a lane ?—Who

Belongs to the throat of the tune there ?  
And the only face visible's blown—where ?

Where's the little old man selling matches ?  
Where's the light in the sky—and who watches ?

(*Marianne Moore*)

## Novices

anatomise their work, like Will Wimble who was jilted by a duchess,  
the little assumptions of the scared ego confusing the issue  
so that they "do not know whether it is the buyer or the seller who  
gives the money"—  
an abstruse idea plain to none but the artist,  
the only seller who both buys, and holds on to the money.  
Because one expresses one's self and entitles it wisdom, one is not  
a fool. What an idea!  
Dracontine cockatrices, "perfect and poisonous from the be-  
ginning,"  
they present themselves as a contrast to seaserpented regions "unlit  
by the half-lights of more conscious art."  
Acquiring at thirty what at sixty they will be trying to forget,  
blind to the right word, deaf to satire  
which like "the smell of the cypress strengthens the nerves of the  
brain,"  
averse to the antique  
with "that tinge of sadness about it which a reflective mind always  
feels,  
it is so little and so much,"  
they write the sort of thing that would in their judgment interest  
a lady—  
curious to know if we do not adore each letter of the alphabet that  
goes to make a word of it—  
according to the Act of Congress, the sworn statement of the trea-  
surer and all the rest of it—  
the counterpart to what we are :  
stupid man ; men are strong and no one pays any attention :  
stupid woman ; women have charm and how annoying they can be.  
Yes, "the authors are wonderful people, particularly those that  
write the most,"  
the masters of all languages, the supertadpoles of expression.  
Accustomed to the recurring phosphorence of antiquity,

the "much noble vagueness and indefinite jargon" of Plato,  
the lucid movements of the royal yacht upon the learned scenery  
of Egypt—

king, steward and harper seated amidships while the jade and the  
rock crystal course about in solution,

their suavity surmounts the surf—

the willowy wit, the transparent equation of Isaiah, Jeremiah,  
Ezekiel, Daniel.

Bored by "the detailless perspective of the sea," reiterative and  
naive,

and its chaos of rocks—the stuffy remarks of the Hebrews—

the good and alive young men demonstrate the assertion

that it is not necessary to be associated with that which has bored  
one ;

they have never made a statement which they found so easy to  
prove—

"split like a glass against a wall"

in this "precipitate of dazzling impressions,

the spontaneous unforced passion of the Hebrew language—

an abyss of verbs full of reverberation and tempestuous energy,"

in which action perpetuates action and angle is at variance with  
angle

till submerged by the general action ;

obscured by fathomless suggestions of colour,

by incessantly panting lines of green, white with concussion,

in this drama of water against rocks—this "ocean of hurrying con-  
sonants "

with its "great livid stains like long slabs of green marble,"

its "flashing lances of perpendicular lightning" and "molten fires  
swallowed up,"

"with foam on its barriers,"

"crashing itself out in one long hiss of spray."



(*Louis Untermeyer*)

## Five Trees

**F**IVE pine trees held up on the nape of a broken hill  
Huddle and dream in a pattern of disarray.  
The first is twisted with thought ; it is gnarled and still ;  
It has nothing to throw to the winds that tore its branches away.

The second is restless with youth. It answers the wind  
With laughter of leaves ; it claps its green hands  
At every air stirring, no matter how fetid or thinned ;  
It sings, with impatient abandon, of all that it scarce understands.

The third is expansive, a generous mother of trees.  
All day it keeps crooning an old wives' patter of charms.  
And the cold moon is held, for a spell, on compassionate knees,  
And the wind is a child that it hushes to sleep in its arms.

The fourth has a taunt for each breeze ; it dares to be taken,  
Sure of its roots in the solid, respectable earth.

The fifth is a dying trunk, too old to be shaken  
By winds that are less to it now than half-hearted whispers of  
birth.

Five pine trees held up on the nape of a broken hill  
Huddle and dream in a pattern of disarray . . .  
And you pass among them. They touch you. You alter. Stand still !  
Which are you to-day ?

(Jean Toomer)

## Gum

ON top of two tall buildings,  
Where Seventh Street joints  
The Avenue,  
The city's signs :

STAR  
J E S U S  
The Light of the World

. . .

WRIGLEYS  
eat it  
after  
every meal  
It Does You Good

Intermittently, their lights flash  
Down upon the streets of Washington,  
The sleek pat streets some asphalt spider  
Spun and tired of.  
Upon a fountain in the square  
Where sparrows get their water,  
Upon the tambourines and drum  
Of the Salvation Army jawing,  
Hallelujah !  
The crowd  
    jaws Jesus  
    jawing gum.

## Monday

EVERYONE suggests alternatives—a rumpus or the negotiating bow.

I've misplaced somewhere the austere sword my friend the poet still wears since he has definitely chosen to flaunt at us the rigour of his trance ; and his recompense is meticulous phrases that shall live forever. However, he also tried to make money.

A matter of tactics. My own particular refuge, will it also be a fizzle ; and will my spirit, from the politic make-up, some day grow embarrassed before a casual mirror ?

But an invalid leer has stolen the face of my friend : I do not wish so brief a triumph.

(Ridgely Torrence)

## Three O'clock

(Morning)

THE jewel-blue electric flowers  
Are cold upon their iron trees,  
Upraised the deadly harp of rails  
Whines for its intervals of ease,  
The stones keep all their daily speech  
Buried but can no more forget  
Than would a water vacant beach  
The hour when it was wet.

A whitened few wane out like moons,  
Ghastly from some torn edge of shade ;  
A drowning one, a reeling one,  
And one still loitering after trade.  
On high the candour of a clock  
Portions the dark with solemn sound,  
The burden of the bitten rock  
Moans up from underground.

Far down the street a shutting door  
Echoes the yesterday that fled  
Among the days that should have been,  
Which people cities of the dead.  
The banners of the steam unfold  
Upon the towers to meet the day ;  
The lights go out in red and gold,  
But Time goes out in grey.



1921.

- (19) JANUARY.—*Eleven New Poems by Contemporary Poets*, together with *Certain Prose Epigrams*, and a *Note* by Robert Bridges.
- (20) FEBRUARY.—*Puppets and Poets*. By E. Gordon Craig, with several Decorations and five full-page designs.
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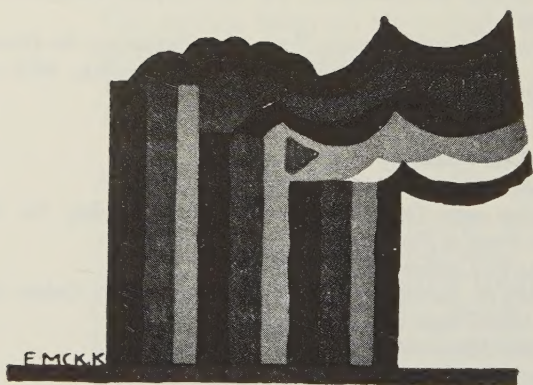
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